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Junior Recital: Chan Wei En, countertenor/tenor

Chan Wei En

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Junior Recital:

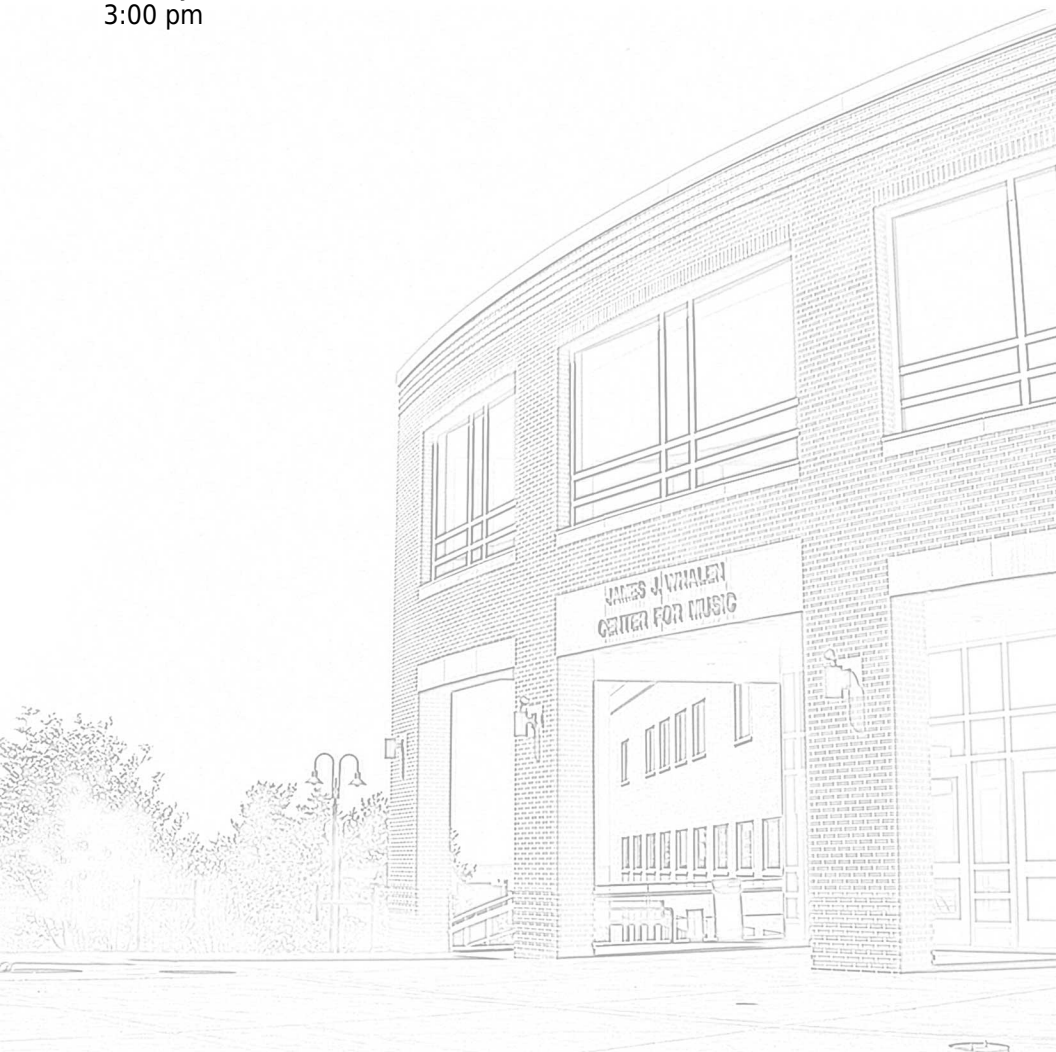
Chan Wei En, Counter-Tenor/Tenor

Jin Bi Zhou, Piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall

Sunday, March 1st, 2015

3:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Lord, what is man

H. Purcell
1659-95
Realised by B. Britten
1913-76

An Chloe
Das Veilchen
Abendempfindung

W.A. Mozart
1756-91

Banalités
1. Chason d'Orkenise
2. Hotel
3. Fagnes de Wallonie
4. Voyage à Paris
5. Sanglots

F. Poulenc
1899-1963

Intermission

The market girl
I need not go
In five-score Summers
Life laughs onwards

G. Finzi
1901-56

Orfeo ed Euridice:
Che disse? Ch'ascoltai?... Addio o miei sospiri!

C.W. Gluck
1714-87

Translations

An Chloe

Wenn die Lieb' aus deinen blauen,
Hellen, offenen Augen sieht,
Und vor Lust hinein zu schauen

Mir's im Herzen klopft und glüht;

Und ich halte dich und küße
Deine Rosenwangen warm,
Liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe
Zitternd dich in meinem Arm,

Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke
Dich an meinen Busen fest,
Der im letzten Augenblicke
Sterbend nur dich von sich läßt;

Den berauschten Blick umschattet
Eine düstre Wolke mir,
Und ich sitze dann ermattet,
Aber selig neben dir.

Das Veilchen

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,
Gebückt in sich und unbekannt;
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.
Da kam eine junge Schäferin
Mit leichtem Schritt und munterm Sinn
Daher, daher,
Die Wiese her, und sang.

Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär ich nur
Die schönste Blume der Natur,
Ach, nur ein kleines Veilchen,
Bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt
Und an dem Busen matt gedrückt!
Ach nur, ach nur
Ein Viertelstündchen lang!

Ach! aber ach! das Mädchen kam
Und nicht in Acht das Veilchen nahm,
Ertrat das arme Veilchen.
Es sank und starb und freut' sich noch:

Und sterb' ich denn, so sterb' ich doch
Durch sie, durch sie,
Zu ihren Füßen doch.

Das arme Veilchen!
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.

When love shines from your blue,
bright, open eyes,
and with the pleasure of gazing into
them
my heart pounds and glows;

and I hold you and kiss
your rosy, warm cheeks,
lovely maiden, and I clasp
you trembling in my arms,

Maiden, maiden, and I press
you firmly to my breast,
which at the last moment,
only at death, will let you go;

Then my intoxicated gaze is shadowed
by a gloomy cloud,
and I sit then, exhausted,
but blissful, next to you.

A little violet upon the meadow stood,
modest and unknown;
it was a dear little violet.
Then came a young shepherdess
with light step and happy mood
along, along,
the meadow along, and sang.

Ah! Thinks the violet, were I but
the fairest flower of nature,
ah, just a little while,
until my beloved picked me
and pressed me firmly on her bosom!
Ah just, ah just
a short quarter hour long!

Ah! But Ah! The maid came
and took no notice of the little violet,
trod over the poor little violet.
It sank and died and rejoiced in itself
anyway:

And die I then, so die I then
through her, through her,
at her feet at least.

The poor little violet!
It was a dear little violet.

Abendempfindung

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist
verschwunden,
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;
So entfliehn des Lebens schönste
Stunden,
Fliehn vorüber wie im Tanz.

Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene,
Und der Vorhang rollt herab;
Aus ist unser Spiel, des Freundes Träne
Fließet schon auf unser Grab.

Bald vielleicht (mir weht,
wie Westwind leise, Eine stille Ahnung
zu),
Ent ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,
Fliege in das Land der Ruh.

Werdet ihr dann an meinem Grabe
weinen,
Trauernd meine Asche sehn,
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch
erscheinen
Und will himmelauf euch wehn.

Schenk auch du ein Tränchen mir
und pflücke mir ein Veilchen auf mein
Grab,
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke
Sieh dann sanft auf mich herab.

Weih mir eine Träne, und ach! schäme
dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weihn;
Oh, sie wird in meinem Diademe
Dann die schönste Perle sein!

Evening it is, the sun has vanished,
And the moon streams with silver rays;
Thus flee Life's fairest hours,
Flying away as if in a dance.

Soon away will fly Life's colorful scenes,
And the curtain will come rolling down;
Done is our play, the tears of a friend
Flow already over our grave.

Soon, perhaps (on me blows,
like the west wind gently, a quiet
foreboding)
I will part from life's pilgrimage,
And fly to the land of rest.

If you will then weep over my grave,
Gaze mournfully upon my ashes,
Then, o Friends, I will appear
And waft you all heavenward.

And You my beloved, bestow also a little
tear on me,
and pluck me a violet for my grave,
And with your soulful gaze,
Look then gently down on me.

Consecrate a tear for me, and ah!
Do not be ashamed to cry;
Those tears will be in my crown
then the fairest pearls be!

Banalités

Chason d'Orkenise

Par les portes d'Orkenise
Veut entrer un charretier.
Par les portes d'Orkenise
Veut sortir un va-nu-pieds.

Et les gardes de la ville
Courant sus au va-nu-pieds:
"Qu'emportes-tu de la ville?"
"J'y laisse mon coeur entier."

Through the gates of Orkenise
a carter wants to enter.
Through the gates of Orkenise
a tramp wants to leave.

And the guards of the town,
rush up to the tramp and ask:
"What are you taking out of the town?"
- "I'm leaving my heart behind."

Et les gardes de la ville
Courant sus au charretier:
"Qu'apportes-tu dans la ville?"
"Mon coeur pour me marier."

Que de coeurs dans Orkenise!
Les gardes riaient, riaient,
Va-nu-pieds, la route est grise,
L'amour grise, ô charretier.

Les beaux gardes de la ville
Tricotèrent superbement;
Puis les portes de la ville
Se fermèrent lentement.

Hotel

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage
Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre

Mais moi qui veux fumer pour faire des
mirages
J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette

Je ne veux pas travailler
Je veux fumer

Fagnes de Wallonie

Tant de tristesses plénières
Prirent mon coeur aux fagnes désolées
Quand las j'ai reposé dans les sapinières
Le poids des kilomètres
pendant que rôlait le vent d'ouest

J'avais quitté le joli bois
Les écureuils y sont restés
Ma pipe essayait de faire des nuages
Au ciel
Qui restait pur obstinément

Je n'ai confié aucun secret sinon une
chanson énigmatique
Aux tourbières humides

Les bruyères fleurant le miel
Attiraient les abeilles
Et mes pieds endoloris
Foulaient les myrtilles et les airelles
Tendrement mariée
Nord
Nord
La vie s'y tord
En arbres forts
Et tors.

And the guards of the town,
rush up to the carter and ask:
"What are you bringing into the town?"
- "My heart for my marriage."

What a lot of hearts in Orkenise!
The guards laughed and laughed.
Oh tramp, the road is dreary;
love is heady, oh carter.

The handsome guards of the town
knitted superbly;
Then the gates of the town
slowly swung shut.

My room has the form of a cage
The sun reaches its arm in through the
window

But I want to smoke and make shapes in
the air
and so I light my cigarette on the sun's
fire

I don't want to work
I want to smoke

So much deep sadness
seized my heart on the desolate moors
when I sat down weary among the firs
The weight of the kilometres
while the west wind growled

I had left the pretty woods
The squirrels stayed there
My pipe tried to make clouds of smoke
in the sky
which stubbornly stayed blue

I murmured no secret except an
enigmatic song
which I confided to the peat bog

Smelling of honey the heather
was attracting the bees
and my aching feet
trod bilberries and whortleberries
Tenderly she is married
North
North
There life twists
in trees that are strong
and gnarled

La vie y mord
La mort
À belles dents
Quand bruit le vent

There life bites
bitter death
with greedy teeth
when the wind howls

Voyage à Paris

Ah! la charmante chose
Quitter un pays morose
Pour Paris
Paris joli
Qu'un jour dût créer l'Amour.

Ah, how delightful it is
to leave a dismal place
and head for Paris
Beautiful Paris
which one day Love had to create.

Sanglots

Notre amour est réglé par les
calmes étoiles
Or nous savons qu'en nous beaucoup
d'hommes respirent
Qui vinrent de très loin et sont un sous
nos fronts
C'est la chanson des rêveurs
Qui s'étaient arraché le coeur
Et le portaient dans la main droite
*Souviens-t'en cher orgueil de tous ces
souvenirs*
*Des marins qui chantaient comme des
conquérants*
*Des gouffres de Thulé des tendres cieux
d'Ophir*
*Des malades maudits de ceux qui fuient
leur ombre*
*Et du retour joyeux des heureux
émigrants*
De ce coeur il coulait du sang
Et le rêveur allait pensant
À sa blessure délicate
*Tu ne briseras pas la chaîne de ces
causes*
Et douloureuse et nous disait
Qui sont les effets d'autres causes
Mon pauvre coeur mon coeur brisé
Pareil au coeur de tous les hommes
Voici nos mains que la vie fit esclaves

Est mort d'amour ou c'est tout comme
Est mort d'amour et le voici
Ainsi vont toutes choses
Arrachez donc le vôtre aussi
*Et rien ne sera libre jusqu'à la fin des
temps*
Laissons tout aux morts
Et cachons nos sanglots

Our love is ruled by the calm stars

We know that within us many people
breathe
who came from afar and are united
behind our brows
This is the song of the dreamers
who had torn out their heart
and was carrying it in his right hand
*Remember oh dear pride all those
memories*
the sailors who sang like conquerors

*the chasms of Thule the tender skies of
Ophir*
*the accursed sick the ones who flee
their own shadows*
*and the joyful return of the happy
emigrants*
Blood was flowing from that heart
and the dreamer went on thinking
of his delicate wound
*You will not break the chain of those
causes*
and painful and he kept saying to us
which are the effects of other causes
My poor heart, my heart which is broken
like the hearts of all men
*Look here are our hands which life
enslaved*
has died of love or so it seems
has died of love and here it is
So that is the way of all things
Tear your hearts out too
*And nothing will be free until the end of
time*
Let us leave everything to the dead
and let us hide our sobbing

Che disse? Ch'ascoltai?... Addio o miei sospiri!

Che disse? Ch'ascoltai?
Dunque Euridice vivrà, l'avrò presente?

E dopo i tanti affanni miei, in quel momento,
in quella guerra d'affetti, io non dovrò mirarla,
non stringerla al mio sen!

Sposa infelice! Che dirà mai? Che penserà?
Preveggo le smanie sue,
comprendo l'angustie mie!
Nel figurarlo solo sento glarmi il sangue,
tremarmi il core.

Ma lo potrò! Lo voglio! Ho risoluto!

Il grande, l'insoffribil de mali,

è l'esser privo dell'unico dell'alma
amato oggetto.

Assistetemi, o Dei! La legge accetto.

Addio, addio, o miei sospiri!
Han speme i miei desiri!
Per lei soffrir vo tutto
Ed ogni duol sfidar.

Addio, addio, o miei sospiri!
Han speme i miei desiri!
Per lei vo tutto osare,
ed ogni duolo e periglio sfidar!

Io vo da l'altre sponde
varcar di Stige l'onde,
e de l'orrendo Tartaro
le Furie superar,
tutti quei superar!

What did he say? What did I hear?
Then Euridice lives, I shall have her present?
After so much anguish, in this moment,
in these conflicting feelings, I may not look upon her,
not clasp her to my breast!

Unhappy wife! What will she say? What will she think?
I foresee her agitation,
and my anguish!
In thinking about this, I feel my blood freeze,
my heart trembles.

But I can do it! I want to! I am resolved to!
The greatest, most insufferable of all ills,
is to be deprived of the one beloved object of my soul.

Help me, oh Gods! The conditions I accept.

Farewell, farewell, oh my sighs!
Have hope my desires!
for her I will endure everything
and brave any pain.

Farewell, farewell, oh my sighs!
Have hope my desires!
for her I will face all,
and every pain and danger challenge!

I go to the other bank
crossing the waters of Styx,
and the horrible Tartarus'
Furies overcome,
all those overcome!